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Das

Lied von der Glocke,

von

Friedrich von Schiller.

WITH ENGLISH TRANSLATION,

BY

THOMAS JAMES ARNOLD.

LONDON:

D. NUTT, 168, FLEET STREET.

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CIRCUS PLACE, FINSBURY CIRCUS.

TO THE REVEREND

CHARLES WILLIAM CHALKLEN,

THIS TRANSLATION IS DEDICATED

BY

HIS SINCERE FRIEND,

THOMAS JAMES ARNOLD.

PREFACE.

The following translation, in its original shape, was published in Germany, as an appendant to Retsch's well-known illustrations of the poem.* The observations which accompanied it (and which are now re-printed), contain all that the translator had to offer by way of explanation of his views, and of apology (which was indeed needed), for the defects of his translation. The version has, notwithstanding these defects, become popular; it has been re-printed by another German bookseller in a cheap form, and has had a large sale. This has induced the translator to hope, that a similar edition published in this country, and accompanied by the original, might be acceptable to the public. But before sending it to the press, he has anxiously revised the whole translation, with a view of rendering it more faithful. In performing this task, there is hardly a line that has not received some alteration, and it is hoped, generally, for the better. In the progress of this labor,

* It was also published in Tait's Magazine.

he has met with several other translations, most of which, he must freely admit, far surpass his own in elegance of diction, and smoothness of versification; but these advantages have generally been attained by a sacrifice of those principles of adherence to the language and metre of the original, which the present translator laid down as a law to himself at starting, and from which, after a lapse of more than eight years, he feels no disposition to deviate. The rhymes are as free, or (to use his former expression), as licentious as ever. His excuse for this, will be found in the annexed observations.

London, January, 1842.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIRST EDITION.

ALTHOUGH the translator of this Poem is well aware that the Genius of Criticism is not to be propitiated by a preface, and that "the course of justice" requires judgment to be pronounced, despite of any thing a culprit may have to say against such a proceeding; he feels, nevertheless, that it is something of a consolation to have the privilege of speaking in his own behalf, even though he knows he cannot thereby mitigate his sentence: there is a world to him beyond the tribunal before which he is arraigned; there are terrors to him even beyond those of the judgment-seat, against whose decision he dreams of no appeal; and he may not unreasonably flatter himself that, in this external circle, motives may be appreciated, and allowances made for intentions, of which the law-bound judge can take no cognizance.

Among other more general imperfections, the translator, without hesitation, pleads "guilty" to the charge of an extreme licentiousness in regard to his rhymes; an offence, which he begs to declare, he would not have perpetrated, much less have attempted to excuse, had he been submitting an original work to the public scrutiny.

But, in attempting to transfer this beautiful and wonderful poem into our tongue, his main object has been strictly to adhere to the *ideas*, and (as far as the idioms of the two languages would permit) to give the very *words* of the author; to paraphrase as little as possible, and, above all things, to avoid the tempting sin of loading the text with foreign epithets and expletives. This, to the translator, has appeared to be his first and paramount duty. Next in importance to this, he considered that the *metre* of the original should be closely preserved; the *rhythm* of a poem being, like the measure and movement of a tune, always, it is supposed, selected by the artist as the most fitting channel for the ideas intended to be conveyed, so that a variation from them will frequently destroy the very identity of the work. After these two points, and therefore as of third-rate consequence, the translator would class the *rhymes* of a poem, as being merely its ornamental part, and forming no portion of its intrinsic value: of the three mentioned points, therefore, this would be the one, the strictness of which, in case of any serious difficulty in uniting them all, would be most readily released.

With regard to the first, every attempt has been made to adhere rigidly to the rule above laid down. The language, as well as the ideas of the author, have been followed as closely as the translator found it possible. As to the rythmical arrangement, it is hoped that not in a single instance has there been any deviation from the original, except in such cases as were permissible

from the nature of the metre, such as occasionally substituting an anapæst for an iambic, an amphibrachus for a trochee, and so forth.

The rhymes are confessedly a sore point, and one upon which a few more words must be said, than upon the other two. In English poetry there are two classes of rhymes; the one *perfect*, giving an exact repetition of the final sound, such as *earth* and *birth*—*stand* and *hand*; the other *imperfect*, giving rather an imitation than a repetition of the sound—something similar, but not the same—such as *brow* and *flow*, *given* and *heaven*: these latter may be termed *allowable* as having been sanctioned by our best poets, an appeal to whose usage ought to be a silencing answer to the most despotic of critics.* In a

* It is not expected that the above assertion will be taken for granted; it may not be amiss, therefore, to establish it, by subjoining a few references to acknowledged authorities, and to shew that many of the most apparently objectionable rhymes, which occur in this translation, have been sanctioned by writers of high repute. Examples of the very same words being rhymed it might be difficult to bring forward; but the translator conceives he shall accomplish his object, if he is enabled to adduce instances of rhymes similar and analogous to those which he has used.

Pit and *Height*.

Her love for that malignant dull delight,
The generous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.—*Pope*.

On and *alone*.

In youth thou comet-like art gaz'd upon,
But art portentous to thyself alone.—*Sedley*.

Tread and *made*.

But that her ancient spirit is decay'd,
That sacred wisdom from her bounds is fled.—*Lyttleton*.

Join and *sign*.

While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line.—*Pope*.

long poem, the occasional occurrence of these rhyming discords, is, perhaps, rather agreeable than otherwise, and conducive to the general harmony of the whole; but on the other hand, their frequent recurrence, and especially in a short poem, is undoubtedly objectionable:

Care and *sphere.*

Submit, in this or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear.—*Pope.*

Chests and *twists.*

Discolouring all she view'd, in tawdry dress'd,
Down-look'd, and with a cuckoo on her fist.—*Dryden.*

Releas'd and *detest.*

And sometimes casts an eye upon the East,
And sometimes looks on the forbidden West.—*Addison.*

Peal and *bell.*

Did e'er mine eyes one single thought reveal,
Which angels might not hear and virgins tell?—*Prior.*

Fan and *grain.*

Then in the scale of life and sense 'tis plain,
There must be somewhere such a rank as man.—*Pope.*

Weight and *flight.*

So bees bear gravel-stones, whose poising weight,
Steers thro' the whistling winds their steady flight.—*Dryden.*

The mountains rise to wond'rous height,
And in the heavens there hangs a weight.—*Wordsworth.*

Accompany and *weigh.*

Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
And sip with nymphs their elemental tea.—*Pope.*

Cost and *boast.*

Now length of fame (our second life) I lost,
And bare threescore is all ev'n that I boast.—*Pope.*

Happiness and *peace.*

Her silence is within, her voice express,
But a deaf noise of sounds that never cease.—*Dryden.*

Examples might be multiplied; but it is hoped these will suffice; at any rate, the translator may be permitted to say, that in hunting out these, he has discovered more extended sanction for his own rhymes than he was aware of.

and yet the translator is forced to acknowledge that he has not only pressed an unusually large number of these irregular troops into his service, but has, in one or two instances, even transgressed the limits of the allowable, and rhymed words together for which he could neither adduce authority or analogy. His excuse, if excuse it will be admitted to be, is to be found in the above scale of the relative importance of *translation*, *rhythm* and *rhyme*, joined with the fact, that it is impossible (so at least he has found it) to combine all the three desirable qualities in one work. It is not with a translation as with an original poem, where an author, who writes in rhyme, is bound by its laws, and ought to force his ideas and words to suit its capacity: a translator, on the other hand, is bound by the ideas and language of his author, and these he has no right to tamper with, and, therefore, he may claim some indulgence in taking liberties with the rhyme, and endeavouring to mould it according to the form and texture of his materials: otherwise the difficulty of producing a correct metrical translation in rhyme, appears insurmountable. But granting the difficulty—the impossibility of this—it has been suggested,—"Why not translate in prose?" To this, by those who would urge such a suggestion, it would hardly be admitted as a satisfactory answer, that it is believed there are very many who would read and be pleased with a translation of a poem in even indifferent rhymes, who would feel little gratification, and form even a less correct notion of the original, from the perusal of a translation

in the most elegant prose. If this taste be impugned, or its existence denied, there is nothing more to be said about it: the translator has proceeded upon such a supposition, and craving what he really believes to be a necessary indulgence from the public, he lays the result of his labors before them.

LONDON, *November*, 1833.

THE SONG OF THE BELL.

Das Lied von der Glocke.

Feſt gemauert in der Erden,
Steht die Form, aus Lehm gebrannt.
Heute muß die Glocke werden!
Friſch, Geſellen! ſeyd zur Hand.
Von der Stirne heiß
Rinnen muß der Schweiß,
Soll das Werk den Meiſter loben;
Doch der Segen kommt von oben.

Zum Werke, das wir ernſt bereiten,
Geziemt ſich wohl ein ernſtes Wort;
Wenn gute Reden ſie begleiten,
Dann fließt die Arbeit munter fort.
So laßt uns jetzt mit Fleiß betrachten,
Was durch die ſchwache Kraft entſpringt;
Den ſchlechten Mann muß man verachten,
Der nie bedacht, was er vollbringt.

THE SONG OF THE BELL.

FIRMLY wall'd within the earth,
Burnt of loam, the frame doth stand;
To day the Bell must have its birth;
Brisk, my comrades, be at hand!
From the heated brow
Down the sweat must flow,
If praise to the master shall be given;
But the blessing comes from Heaven.

An earnest word doth well betide
When we prepare for earnest deeds,
By good discourse accompanied
Then labor cheerfully proceeds.
So let us carefully now scan
Of feeble strength what are the fruits;
One must despise the wretched man,
Who, unreflecting, executes.

Das iſt's ja, was den Menſchen zieret,
Und dazu ward ihm der Verſtand,
Daß er im innern Herzen ſpüret,
Was er erſchafft mit ſeiner Hand.

Nehmet Holz vom Fichtenſtamme,
Doch recht trocken laßt es ſeyn,
Daß die eingepreßte Flamme
Schlage zu dem Schwalch hinein!
Kocht des Kupfers Brei,
Schnell das Zinn herbei,
Daß die zähe Glockenſpeiſe
Fließe nach der rechten Weiſe.

Was in des Dammes tiefer Grube
Die Hand mit Feuers Hülfe baut,
Hoch auf des Thurmes Glockenſtube,
Da wird es von uns zeugen laut.
Noch dauern wird's in ſpäten Tagen
Und rühren vieler Menſchen Ohr,
Und wird mit dem Betrübten klagen,
Und ſtimmen zu der Andacht Chor.
Was unten tief dem Erdenſohne
Das wechſelnde Verhängniß bringt,
Das ſchlägt an die metallne Krone,
Die es erbaulich weiter klingt.

For this it is that Man doth grace,
Hereto he hath power to understand,
That he, in his heart's core, may trace
The type of his creative hand.

Take ye wood of the pine-stem,
But be sure that 'tis right dry,
That the inward pent-up flame
Through the furnace throat may fly.
Melt the copper down!
Quick! the tin bring on!
That the tough Bell metal so
Properly may fuse and flow.

What now with fire's assisting power
In this deep pit we fashion thus,
Loud from the belfry's lofty tower
Shall one day testify of us;
And many a man shall hear its tone,
For it shall last in after-time,
And shall with the afflicted moan,
And with devotion's chorus chime.
Whatever to earth's lowly son
Aye-changing destiny may bring,
Shall strike on its metallic crown,
And edifying thence shall ring.

Weiße Blasen seh' ich springen;
Wohl! die Massen sind im Fluß.
Laßt's mit Aschensalz durchdringen,
Das befördert schnell den Guß.
Auch von Schaume rein
Muß die Mischung seyn,
Daß vom reinlichen Metalle
Rein und voll die Stimme schalle.

Denn mit der Freude Feierklange
Begrüßt sie das geliebte Kind
Auf seines Lebens erstem Gange,
Den es in Schlafes Arm beginnt;
Ihm ruhen noch im Zeitenschooße
Die schwarzen und die heitern Loose;
Der Mutterliebe zarte Sorgen
Bewachen seinen goldnen Morgen —
Die Jahre fliehen pfeilgeschwind.

Vom Mädchen reißt sich stolz der Knabe,
Er stürmt in's Leben wild hinaus,
Durchmißt die Welt am Wanderstabe,
Fremd kehrt er heim in's Vaterhaus,
Und herrlich, in der Jugend Prangen,
Wie ein Gebild aus Himmelshöhn,

Lo! I see white bubbles spring!
Good! the mass is fused at last.
Let us in the pot-ash fling,
That will quickly aid the cast.
From scum all pure and free
Must the mixture be;
That from metal clean and round
Clear and full the voice may sound.

For with its joyous festal tone
The dear-lov'd infant it doth greet,
Life's path when first it enters on,
Lapp'd in the arms of slumber sweet;
The lot, or dark, or bright, of whom
As yet rests hidden in time's womb.
Maternal love with tender yearning
Is watching o'er his golden morning—
The years fly on as arrows fleet.

From the girl the proud boy rushes forth;
He wildly storms into life's danger;
On wanderer's staff roams o'er the earth:—
To his father's home returns, a stranger.
And glorious in the pride of youth,
Even as a form from heaven's height,

Mit züchtigen, verschämten Wangen
Sieht er die Jungfrau vor sich stehn:
Da faßt ein namenloses Sehnen
Des Jünglings Herz, er irrt allein,
Aus seinen Augen brechen Thränen,
Er flieht der Brüder wilden Reihn,
Erröthend folgt er ihren Spuren,
Und ist von ihrem Gruß beglückt,
Das Schönste sucht er auf den Fluren,
Womit er seine Liebe schmückt.

O! zarte Sehnsucht, süßes Hoffen,
Der ersten Liebe goldne Zeit,
Das Auge sieht den Himmel offen,
Es schwelgt das Herz in Seligkeit.
O! daß sie ewig grünen bliebe,
Die schöne Zeit der jungen Liebe!

Wie sich schon die Pfeifen bräunen!
Dieses Stäbchen tauch' ich ein,
Sehn wir's überglast erscheinen,
Wird's zum Gusse zeitig seyn.
Jetzt, Gesellen, frisch!
Prüft mir das Gemisch,
Ob das Spröde mit dem Weichen
Sich vereint zum guten Zeichen.

Her cheeks deep-dyed with bashful truth,
The virgin stands before his sight.
Then doth a nameless longing seize
His youthful heart; alone he rambles;
The frequent tear breaks from his eye;
He shuns his brethren's noisy gambols:
Blushing, he follows in her track,
And is but by her greeting blest;
And to adorn his Love brings back
From flowery meads the loveliest.

O tender yearning! O sweet hope!
Of love the golden age is this;
The eye doth see the heavens ope;
The heart doth revel in deep bliss.
Oh! that it ever green might prove,
That beauteous season of young love.

Already how the pipes are brown'd!
This little staff I now dip in;
If glaz'd over it be found,
Then the casting may begin.
Hither, comrades, hie!
Quick the mixture try;
If the pliant with the brittle
Join to make the proper metal.

Denn wo das Strenge mit dem Zarten,
Wo Starkes ſich und Mildes paarten,
Da giebt es einen guten Klang.
Drum prüfe, wer ſich ewig bindet,
Ob ſich das Herz zum Herzen findet!
Der Wahn iſt kurz, die Reu' iſt lang.

Lieblich in der Bräute Locken
Spielt der jungfräuliche Kranz,
Wenn die hellen Kirchenglocken
Laden zu des Feſtes Glanz.
Ach! des Lebens ſchönſte Feier
Endigt auch den Lebensmai.
Mit dem Gürtel, mit dem Schleier
Reißt der ſchöne Wahn entzwei.

Die Leidenſchaft flieht,
Die Liebe muß bleiben;
Die Blume verblüht,
Die Frucht muß treiben;
Der Mann muß hinaus
In's feindliche Leben,
Muß wirken und ſtreben,
Und pflanzen und ſchaffen,
Erliſten, erraffen,
Muß wetten und wagen,
Das Glück zu erjagen.

For then a perfect tone we find,
When soft and hard are well combin'd,
The mild united with the strong.
Who then would form eternal bonds
Should weigh if heart to heart responds,
The dream is short—repentance long.

Mid the bridal tresses slinging
Plays the virgin garland bright,
When the clear ton'd church-bells ringing
To the festive scene invite.
Ah! life's fairest festival
Closes also life's young May;
With the girdle, with the veil,
The fine illusion's torn away.

Passion may fly,
Love should endure;
The blossom may die,
The fruit shall mature;
The man must abroad
Into hostile life,
Mid labour and strife,
With craft and with pain,
Must gather and gain,
Must venture and stake,
Good luck to o'ertake.

Da strömet herbei die unendliche Gabe,
Es füllt sich der Speicher mit köstlicher Habe,
Die Räume wachsen, es dehnt sich das Haus,
Und drinnen waltet
Die züchtige Hausfrau,
Die Mutter der Kinder,
Und herrschet weise
Im häuslichen Kreise,
Und lehret die Mädchen,
Und wehret den Knaben,
Und reget ohn' Ende
Die fleißigen Hände,
Und mehrt den Gewinn
Mit ordnendem Sinn.
Und füllet mit Schätzen die duftenden Laden,
Und dreht um die schnürrende Spindel den Faden,
Und sammelt im reinlich geglätteten Schrein
Die schimmernde Wolle, den schneeigen Lein,
Und füget zum Guten den Glanz und den Schimmer,
Und ruhet nimmer.

Und der Vater mit frohem Blick
Von des Hauses weitschauendem Giebel
Ueberzählet sein blühend Glück,
Siehet der Pfosten ragende Bäume,
Und der Scheunen gefüllte Räume,

Then endless wealth rushes in, like a stream,
With costly possessions the granaries teem;
The space is extended—enlarged the abode:
And indoors governs
The modest housewife,
The mother of children,
And wisely doth steer
The domestic sphere;
And schooleth the girls,
And ruleth the boys;
And plies without end
Her diligent hand;
And the stock doth enlarge
By her orderly charge;
And fills with treasures the scent-breathing chests;
And the thread round the whirring spindle she twists;
And the bright polish'd coffer she storeth full
With snowy white linen, and shimmering wool;
The useful with beauty and brightness investing,
And never resting.

And the father, with cheerful look,
From his home's far-seeing roof,
Reckons o'er his flourishing stock;
The lofty poles of the stacks discerns,
And the well-filled spaces of the barns,

Und die Speicher, vom Segen gebogen,
Und des Kornes bewegte Wogen,
Rühmt sich mit stolzem Mund:
„Fest, wie der Erde Grund,
Gegen des Unglücks Macht,
Steht mir des Hauses Pracht!“
Doch mit des Geschickes Mächten
Ist kein ew'ger Bund zu flechten,
Und das Unglück schreitet schnell.

Wohl! nun kann der Guß beginnen,
Schön gezacket ist der Bruch;
Doch, bevor wir's lassen rinnen,
Betet einen frommen Spruch!
Stoßt den Zapfen aus!
Gott bewahr' das Haus!
Rauchend in des Henkels Bogen
Schießt's mit feuerbraunen Wogen.

Wohlthätig ist des Feuers Macht,
Wenn sie der Mensch bezähmt, bewacht,
Und was er bildet, was er schafft,
Das dankt er dieser Himmelskraft;
Doch furchtbar wird die Himmelskraft,
Wenn sie der Fessel sich entrafft,

And the treasure-laden granaries,
And the cornfields' waving seas.
Boasting, he gazes round,
"Firm as the very ground,
Spite of Misfortune's cross,
Stands the wealth of my house."
But with the powers of Destiny
No lasting band may woven be;
And Misfortune strideth swift.

Good! the cast may be begun,
Well-jagg'd doth the breach appear;
Yet, before we let it run,
Breathe ye first a pious pray'r.
Strike the stopper loose!
God preserve the house!
Shooting into the hanger's bow
The fire-brown billows reeking flow.

Beneficent is fire's strong might
When man subdues and watches it;
Whate'er with art or toil he does,
Unto this heavenly power he owes;
But dread this heavenly power grows,
When, breaking from its fetters loose,

Einhertritt auf der eig'nen Spur,
Die freie Tochter der Natur.
Wehe, wenn sie losgelassen,
Wachsend ohne Widerstand,
Durch die volkbelebten Gassen
Wälzt den ungeheuren Brand!
Denn die Elemente hassen
Das Gebild der Menschenhand.

Aus der Wolke
Quillt der Segen,
Strömt der Regen,
Aus der Wolke, ohne Wahl,
Zuckt der Strahl!

Hört ihr's wimmern hoch vom Thurm?
Das ist Sturm!
Roth, wie Blut,
Ist der Himmel,
Das ist nicht des Tages Gluth!
Welch Getümmel
Straßen auf!
Dampf wallt auf!
Flackernd steigt die Feuersäule,
Durch der Straße lange Zeile
Wächst es fort mit Windeseile.

On its own track it ranges wild,
Nature's free and daring child.
Woe! when it, from bondage freed,
When nought its increase can withstand,
Through streets alive with crowds doth haste,
Whirling its enormous brand;
For the elements detest
Every work of human hand.

From the cloud
Blessings pour;—
The rain doth show'r;—
From the cloud, undistinguishing,
Lightnings spring.

Hark! from the tower that wailing peal!
'Tis the 'larum-bell!
Blood-red, lo!
Are the skies!
That is not the day-break's glow.
Hark! what noise,
Along the streets!
Smoke waves up!
Fiery columns flickering rise!
Through the streets' long lines it flies,
And with the wind in swiftness vies.

Kochend, wie aus Ofens Rachen,
Glühn die Lüfte, Balken krachen,
Pfoſten ſtürzen, Fenſter klirren,
Kinder jammern, Mütter irren,
Thiere wimmern
Unter Trümmern,
Alles rennet, rettet, flüchtet,
Taghell iſt die Nacht gelichtet.
Durch der Hände lange Kette
Um die Wette
Fliegt der Eimer, hoch im Bogen
Spritzen Quellen Waſſerwogen.
Heulend kommt der Sturm geflogen,
Der die Flamme brauſend ſucht.
Praſſelnd in die dürre Frucht
Fällt ſie, in des Speichers Räume,
An der Sparren dürre Bäume,
Und als wollte ſie im Wehen
Mit ſich fort der Erde Wucht
Reißen in gewalt'ger Flucht,
Wächſt ſie in des Himmels Höhen
Rieſengroß!
Hoffnungslos
Weicht der Menſch der Götterſtärke,
Müßig ſieht er ſeine Werke
Und bewundernd untergehen.

As from furnace-jaws out-reeking,
Glows the hot air; beams are creaking,
Windows jarring, pillars sundering,
Children screaming, mothers wandering,
Cattle lowing
'Neath the ruin.
All is hurry, rescue, flight;
Clear as day-light gleams the night;
Thro' the long and emulous band
Of many a hand
Flies the bucket; arching high
Water-streams from engines fly;
Howling, on the storm-blasts hie,
With the roaring flame to meet;
Crackling in the arid wheat
It falleth; in the granary,
In the spars and rafters dry;
And with mighty blast, as though
'Twould tear away, in violent flight,
With itself the Earth's own weight,
It into heaven's height doth grow,
Giant-great!
In hopeless state,
Man succumbs to strength divine,
And amazed and supine
Sees his handy-works laid low.

Leergebrannt
Iſt die Stätte,
Wilder Stürme rauhes Bette.
In den öden Fenſterhöhlen
Wohnt das Grauen,
Und des Himmels Wolken ſchauen
Hoch hinein.

Einen Blick
Nach dem Grabe
Seiner Habe
Sendet noch der Menſch zurück —
Greift fröhlich dann zum Wanderſtabe.
Was Feuers Wuth ihm auch geraubt,
Ein ſüßer Troſt iſt ihm geblieben,
Er zählt die Häupter ſeiner Lieben,
Und ſieh! ihm fehlt kein theures Haupt.

In die Erd' iſt's aufgenommen,
Glücklich iſt die Form gefüllt;
Wird's auch ſchön zu Tage kommen,
Daß es Fleiß und Kunſt vergilt?
Wenn der Guß mißlang?
Wenn die Form zerſprang?
Ach! vielleicht, indem wir hoffen,
Hat uns Unheil ſchon getroffen.

Bare and burnt
Is the space,
The wild storms' rough resting-place.
In the desolate window-cells
Horror broods;
And from heaven the lofty clouds
Peer within.

One look— the last—
Tow'rds the tomb
Of his home,
Doth the Man behind him cast—
Then cheerful grasps his staff to roam;
Whate'er the fire's rage hath o'erthrown,
One comfort sweet remains unmov'd,
He counts the heads of his belov'd,
And lo! not one dear head is lost!

'Tis receiv'd within the Earth;
The mould it happily doth fill;
Will it issue fairly forth,
To requite our toil and skill?
If the cast should fail—
Should the mould prove frail!
Ah! perhaps while hoping thus
Mischance e'en now hath stricken us.

Dem dunkeln Schooß der heil'gen Erde
Vertrauen wir der Hände That,
Vertraut der Sämann ſeine Saat,
Und hofft, daß ſie entkeimen werde
Zum Segen, nach des Himmels Rath.
Noch köſtlicheren Samen bergen
Wir trauernd in der Erde Schooß,
Und hoffen, daß er aus den Särgen
Erblühen ſoll zu ſchönerm Loos.

Von dem Dome,
Schwer und bang,
Tönt die Glocke
Grabgeſang.
Ernſt begleiten ihre Trauerſchläge
Einen Wandrer auf dem letzten Wege.

Ach! die Gattinn iſt's, die theure,
Ach! es iſt die treue Mutter,
Die der ſchwarze Fürſt der Schatten
Wegführt aus dem Arm des Gatten,
Aus der zarten Kinder Schaar,
Die ſie blühend ihm gebar,
Die ſie an der treuen Bruſt
Wachſen ſah mit Mutterluſt —

To the dark womb of holy earth,
Do we our handy-work confide;
The sower too confides his seed,
And hopes that it shall yet shoot forth
To bless—if Heaven have so decreed.
Far costlier seed do we commit
In sorrow to the earth's dark womb,
And hope that, from the coffin, it
May blossom to a fairer doom.

From the tower
Tolls the bell,
Dull and heavy,
The funeral knell;
Sad its melancholy notes convey
Some poor wand'rer on the long last way.

Ah! it is the wife, the dear one!
Ah! it is the tender mother!
Whom the gloomy Prince of Shades
From her mate's embraces leads;
From the group of children dear,
Which blooming unto him she bare;
Which growing on her faithful breast,
She watch'd with a mother's interest.

Ach! des Hauſes zarte Bande
Sind gelöſt auf immerdar,
Denn ſie wohnt im Schattenlande,
Die des Hauſes Mutter war;
Denn es fehlt ihr treues Walten,
Ihre Sorge wacht nicht mehr;
An verwaiſter Stätte ſchalten
Wird die Fremde, liebeleer.

Bis die Glocke ſich verkühlet,
Laßt die ſtrenge Arbeit ruhn.
Wie im Laub der Vogel ſpielet,
Mag ſich Jeder gütlich thun.
Winkt der Sterne Licht,
Ledig aller Pflicht,
Hört der Burſch die Veſper ſchlagen;
Meiſter muß ſich immer plagen.

Munter fördert ſeine Schritte
Fern im wilden Forſt der Wandrer
Nach der lieben Heimathütte.
Blöckend ziehen heim die Schafe,
Und der Rinder
Breitgeſtirnte, glatte Schaaren
Kommen brüllend,
Die gewohnten Ställe füllend.

Ah! of home each tender band
Now for evermore is loose;
For she dwells in the shadow-land,
Who was the mother of the house;
Her faithful rule has passed away,
Her care no more shall watchful prove;
In the orphan'd place shall sway
Henceforth the stranger, void of love.

While the bell is cooling now,
Rigorous toil may have its rest;
As birds gambol on the bough,
Each may sport as likes him best.
When winking stars appear,
Freed from every care,
The workman hears the vespers toll,
Doubts still vex the master's soul.

In the wild forest's distant gloom,
The wanderer with cheerful steps
Hastes to his dear cottage-home.
Bleating homeward went the flocks;
And the glossy
Broadly-fronted herds of oxen
Come on lowing,
To fill their wonted home-stalls going.

Schwer herein
Schwankt der Wagen,
Kornbeladen;
Bunt von Farben,
Auf den Garben
Liegt der Kranz,
Und das junge Volk der Schnitter
Fliegt zum Tanz.
Markt und Straße werden stiller;
Um des Lichts gesell'ge Flamme
Sammeln sich die Hausbewohner,
Und das Stadtthor schließt sich knarrend.
Schwarz bedecket
Sich die Erde,
Doch den sichern Bürger schrecket
Nicht die Nacht,
Die den Bösen gräßlich wecket,
Denn das Auge des Gesetzes wacht.

Heil'ge Ordnung, segenreiche
Himmelstochter, die das Gleiche
Frei und leicht und freudig bindet,
Die der Städte Bau gegründet,
Die herein von den Gefilden
Rief den ungesell'gen Wilden,
Eintrat in der Menschen Hütten,
Sie gewöhnt zu sanften Sitten,

Heavily in
Reels the waggon,
Harvest laden;
Of varied dies
The garland lies
The sheaves upon;
And the youthful band of reapers
To the dance hath flown.
Street and market grow more stilly;
Round the candle's social flame,
All house-dwellers meet together,
And the town-gate closes gnarring.
The Earth doth dight
Herself in black;
But the safe Burgher at the night
Feels no awe,
Which fearful wakes the guilty wight,
For still watchful is the eye of law.

Holy Order! blissful child
Of Heaven! in union free and mild
And joyous, she hath equals bound;
She the first did cities found;
And therein from the waste plain
Call'd unsocial, savage man;
Entered in the rugged hut,
Its inmates gentler manners taught,

Und das theuerſte der Bande
Wob, den Trieb zum Vaterlande!

Tauſend fleiß'ge Hände regen,
Helfen ſich in munterm Bund,
Und in feurigem Bewegen
Werden alle Kräfte kund.
Meiſter rührt ſich und Geſelle
In der Freiheit heil'gem Schutz,
Jeder freut ſich ſeiner Stelle,
Bietet dem Verächter Trutz.
Arbeit iſt des Bürgers Zierde,
Segen iſt der Mühe Preis;
Ehrt den König ſeine Würde,
Ehret uns der Hände Fleiß.

Holder Friede,
Süße Eintracht,
Weilet, weilet
Freundlich über dieſer Stadt!
Möge nie der Tag erſcheinen,
Wo des rauhen Krieges Horden
Dieſes ſtille Thal durchtoben,
Wo der Himmel,
Den des Abends ſanfte Röthe
Lieblich malt,

And wove that best and dearest band,
The instinctive love of Fatherland.

Thousand active hands bestir;
In cheerful league each other aid,
And, in fiery movement, are
All the powers of Art display'd.
Man and Master calmly rest,
Holy Freedom their reliance;
Each in his own place is blest,
To the scorner bids defiance.
Toil should be the Burgher's pride,
Success, of Industry the prize;
The King by pomp is dignified,
Us our labor dignifies.

Gentle Concord!
Kindly Peace!
Ah! tarry, tarry,
Friendly over this our town!
Never may the day appear,
When the hordes of rugged war
Riot thro' this tranquil valley;
When the heavens,
Whence the Evening's blushes mild
Lovely beam,

Von der Dörfer, von der Städte
Wildem Brande ſchrecklich ſtrahlt!

Nun zerbrecht mir das Gebäude,
Seine Abſicht hat's erfüllt,
Daß ſich Herz und Auge weide
An dem wohlgelungnen Bild.
Schwingt den Hammer, ſchwingt,
Bis der Mantel ſpringt!
Wenn die Glock' ſoll auferſtehen,
Muß die Form in Stücken gehen.

Der Meiſter kann die Form zerbrechen
Mit weiſer Hand, zur rechten Zeit;
Doch wehe, wenn in Flammenbächen
Das glühnde Erz ſich ſelbſt befreit!
Blindwüthend mit des Donners Krachen
Zerſprengt es das geborſtne Haus,
Und wie aus offnem Höllenrachen
Speit es Verderben zündend aus;
Wo rohe Kräfte ſinnlos walten,
Da kann ſich kein Gebild geſtalten;
Wenn ſich die Völker ſelbſt befrein,
Da kann die Wohlfahrt nicht gedeihn.

Weh', wenn ſich in dem Schooß der Städte
Der Feuerzunder ſtill gehäuft,

Shall, with conflagration wild
Of towns and hamlets, frightful gleam.

Now the mould we may destroy,
It hath answered its intent;
Let us feast both heart and eye
On our task's accomplishment.
Swing the hammer, swing!
Till the mantle spring!
Ere the bell rise from below,
Must the frame to pieces go.

The Master may break up the frame
With prudent hand at fitting hour;
But woe! whene'er, in brooks of flame,
Itself shall free the glowing ore,
Blind-raging, with the crash of thunder,
It springs in air the bursten house;
And, as from hell-jaws wide asunder,
Blazing destruction forth it spews.
Where rude and senseless powers prevail
There form and shape will ever fail;
To free themselves when nations strive,
The common weal can never thrive.

Woe! when in cities' womb hath lain
The fuel heaped by slow degrees,

Das Volk, zerreißend seine Kette,
Zur Eigenhülfe schrecklich greift!
Da zerret an der Glocke Strängen
Der Aufruhr, daß sie heulend schallt,
Und nur geweiht zu Friedensklängen,
Die Losung anstimmt zur Gewalt.

Freiheit und Gleichheit! hört man schallen;
Der ruh'ge Bürger greift zur Wehr.
Die Straßen füllen sich, die Hallen,
Und Würgerbanden ziehn umher.
Da werden Weiber zu Hyänen,
Und treiben mit Entsetzen Scherz:
Noch zuckend, mit des Panthers Zähnen,
Zerreißen sie des Feindes Herz.
Nichts Heiliges ist mehr, es lösen
Sich alle Bande frommer Scheu;
Der Gute räumt den Platz dem Bösen,
Und alle Laster walten frei.
Gefährlich ist's, den Leu zu wecken,
Verderblich ist des Tigers Zahn;
Jedoch der schrecklichste der Schrecken,
Das ist der Mensch in seinem Wahn.
Weh' denen, die dem Ewigblinden
Des Lichtes Himmelsfackel leihn!
Sie strahlt ihm nicht, sie kann nur zünden,
Und äschert Städt' und Länder ein.

The People, shattering their chain,
At self-relief doth madly seize.
Then at the ropes doth Uproar pull,
Till, hallow'd but to peaceful chimes,
The bell with hideous clang doth howl,
The signal to revolt and crimes.

" Freedom ! Equality ! " they call—
The fearful Burgher grasps his arms ;
The streets are fill'd, the market-hall—
On all sides prowl the murderous swarms.
Women into hyænas start ;
Disgustingly with horror jest ;
With panther-teeth their victims' heart
They tear, yet quivering, from the breast.
Nought holy is there more ; all ties
Of pious Shame are rent in twain ;
The Bad of the Good the place supplies,
And freely all the Vices reign.
To wake the lion is perilous ;
Destructive is the tiger's tooth ;
But fearfullest of fears to rouse
Is Man in his delirious wrath.
Woe 's them, who Heaven's torch of light
Unto the ever-blind would trust ;
It lights not him ; can but ignite,
And lands and cities burns to dust.

Freude hat mir Gott gegeben!
Sehet! wie ein goldner Stern,
Aus der Hülſe, blank und eben,
Schält ſich der metallne Kern.
Von dem Helm zum Kranz
Spielt's wie Sonnenglanz.
Auch des Wappens nette Schilder
Loben den erfahrnen Bilder.

Herein! herein!
Geſellen alle, ſchließt den Reihen,
Daß wir die Glocke taufend weihen,
Concordia ſoll ihr Name ſeyn.
Zur Eintracht, zu herzinnigem Vereine
Verſammle ſie die liebende Gemeine.

Und dieß ſei fortan ihr Beruf,
Wozu der Meiſter ſie erſchuf!
Hoch über'm niedern Erdenleben
Soll ſie im blauen Himmelszelt,
Die Nachbarinn des Donners, ſchweben;
Und gränzen an die Sternenwelt,
Soll eine Stimme ſeyn von oben,
Wie der Geſtirne helle Schaar,
Die ihren Schöpfer wandelnd loben,
und führen das bekränzte Jahr.

Joy unto me God hath given!
See! how like a star of gold,
From its shell, all bright and even,
The metal kernel doth unfold.
From helve to crown, the ray
Like sunny glance doth play:
And the neat armorial shield
Doth credit to the workman yield.

Come in! Come in!
Comrades all, and close the ring,
To aid at the Bell's christening;
CONCORDIA is the name we bring.
In union's cordial harmony her summons
Shall oft-times congregate the loving Commons.

This office let her hence fulfil,
The purpose of the master's will!
High in the heavens' blue tent away,
Above our lowly Earth-life here,
The Thunder's neighbour she shall sway,
And border on the starry sphere.
A voice shall she be from above,
Like the bright constellations' throng,
Who praise their Maker as they move,
And lead the wreathed year along.

Nur ewigen und ernſten Dingen
Sei ihr metallner Mund geweiht,
Und ſtündlich mit den ſchnellen Schwingen
Berühr' im Fluge ſie die Zeit.
Dem Schickſal leihe ſie die Zunge;
Selbſt herzlos, ohne Mitgefühl,
Begleite ſie mit ihrem Schwunge
Des Lebens wechſelvolles Spiel.
Und wie der Klang im Ohr vergehet,
Der mächtig tönend ihr entſchallt,
So lehre ſie, daß nichts beſtehet,
Daß alles Irdiſche verhallt.

Jetzo mit der Kraft des Stranges
Wiegt die Glock' mir aus der Gruft,
Daß ſie in das Reich des Klanges
Steige, in die Himmelsluft!
Ziehet, ziehet, hebt!
Sie bewegt ſich, ſchwebt!
Freude dieſer Stadt bedeute,
Friede ſei ihr erſt Geläute.

Only to grave and lasting things,
Be consecrate her metal chime;
And hourly with his rapid wings,
Shall she be touched by flying Time.
A tongue to Destiny shall she lend;
Heartless herself to Joy or Grief,
Still with her swing let her attend
Upon the changeful game of life.
And as the sounds which forth she casts,
In mighty tones, on the ear decay;
So let her teach that nothing lasts—
That all things earthly die away.

Now, with the power of the rope,
Rock the bell from out the ground;
Into the air let her mount up,
Into the heavenly realm of sound!
Pull ye! pull ye! heave!
She doth move—doth wave!
May she forebode us happiness—
May her first chime utter—PEACE!

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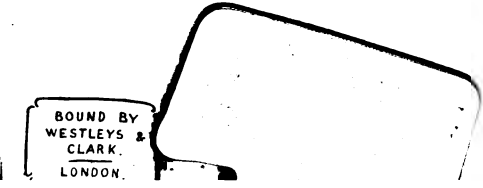
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